

ICONS ONE OF FOUR

MARVEL
PG M 1

CHAMBER

VAUGHAN
FERGUSON
RAPMUND
VILLARRUBIA



MARVEL®

7 59606 05263 9

\$12.99 US \$4.75 CAN



DIRECT EDITION

00111



CLEVELAND, OH

Don't worry,
kid. We're not
gonna hurt
you...

What are
you talking
about? Of
course we're
gonna hurt
him.

You're
a moron,
Frank.

I go, "We're
not gonna hurt
you..." and then
you're supposed
to go, "Yeah, we're
gonna kill you."
How many times
did we go over
this?


Whatever, man.
Everything's always
got to be so
theatrical with
you.

Sorry to
interrupt rehearsal,
gents... but why don't
you step away from
the boy?

Who said
that?

Still rattling
around my brain.
Must be some kinda
telepathy. Probably
one of the brat's
mutie friends...

Whoever
you are, beat
it... before I
blow your face
off!



Bit late for that, innit?

WHEN HIS MUTANT ABILITY ERUPTED IN A FATEFUL EXPLOSION OF BIOKINETIC ENERGY, LONDON NATIVE JONATHAN STARSMORE TORE A MASSIVE HOLE IN HIS FACE AND CHEST. NOW ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN, JONO USES THE UNIQUE POWERS HE WAS BORN WITH TO PROTECT A WORLD THAT FEARS AND HATES HIM. HIS TEAMMATES CALL HIM... CHAMBER!

THE HOLLOW MAN

CHAPTER ONE

WRITTEN BY BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

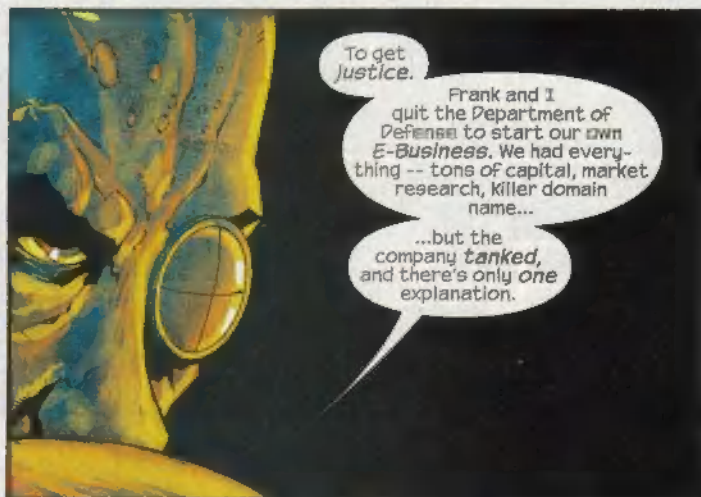
PENCILED BY LEE FERGUSON

INKED BY NORM RAPMUND

COLORS BY JOSE VILLARRUBIA

LETTERED BY DAVE SHARPE • CHRIS BACHALO • COVER

EDITED BY MIKE RAICHT • JOE QUESADA • CHIEF BILL JEMAS • PRESIDENT





Is there anything they don't blame on us?

You shifty animals robbed us of every penny we had, but our old P.O.D. contacts have been helping us score weapons to use against your kind.

This, for example, is a next generation gamma ray accelerator that I--

Yammering on while you wait for it to recharge, eh?

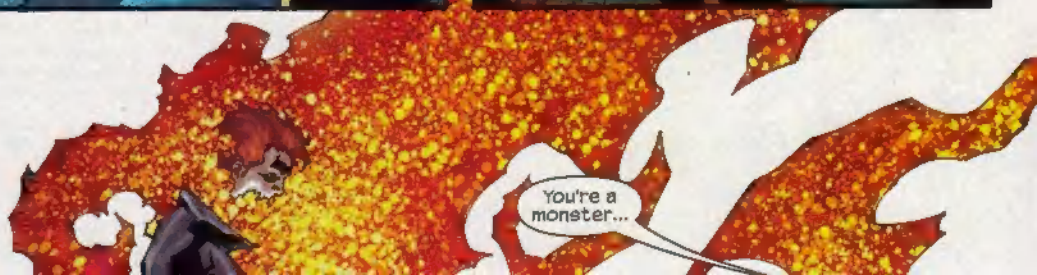


Well, this is enough bio-kinetic energy to level Parliament.

No batteries required.









CHAMBER!



Cyclops.

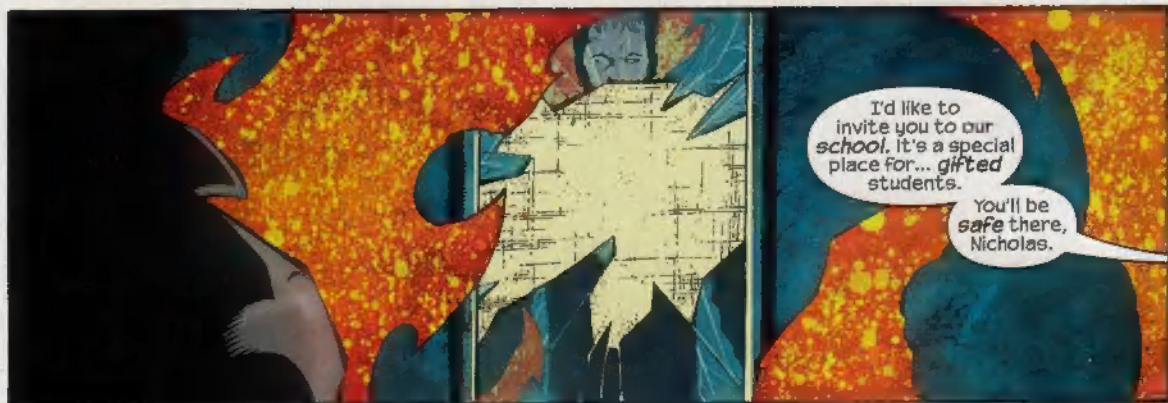
Are you all right?



Well, I took care of the cyber-bigots here... but you better handle the lad.

Nicholas Gleason? Don't be afraid, son. My friend and I are part of the X-Men. We're the good guys.

We were very sad to read about what happened to your parents... so we flew out here to find you.



I'd like to invite you to our school. It's a special place for... gifted students.

You'll be safe there, Nicholas.



You'll never be alone again.

LATER, EN ROUTE TO THE
XAVIER'S SCHOOL...



Ankle-biter's
finally asleep,
Mr. Summers.

You can
call me *Scott*,
Jono. I'm not *that*
much older than
you.

Besides,
you're not a
Gen X kid
anymore.

Truer
bloody
words...

Actually,
that's one of
the reasons I
invited you on
this mission,
Jono.

I wanted
to make sure
that you were...
comfortable
in your new
position.

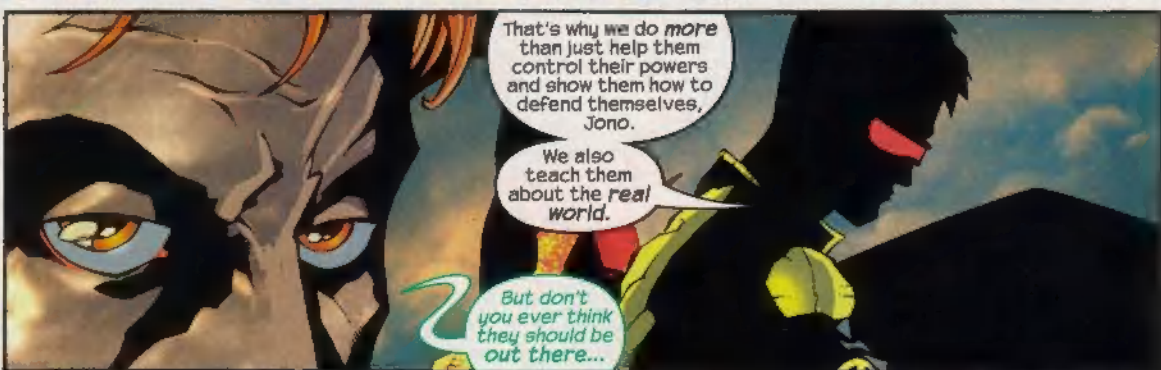
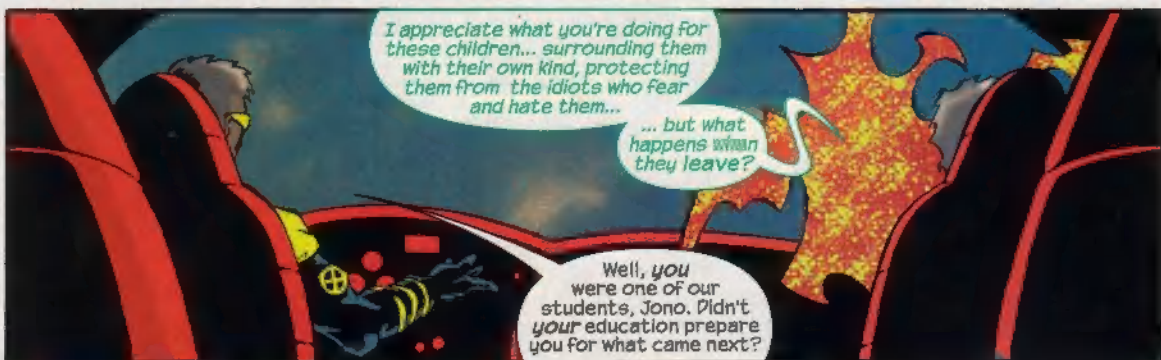
Comfortable?
I suppose. I mean,
you people don't ~~seem~~
too disgusted by the
giant crater I
accidentally put
in myself.

It's just,
sometimes I
worry...

Ah,
forget
it.

I'm not
Professor Xavier,
Jono. I can't read
your *mind*.

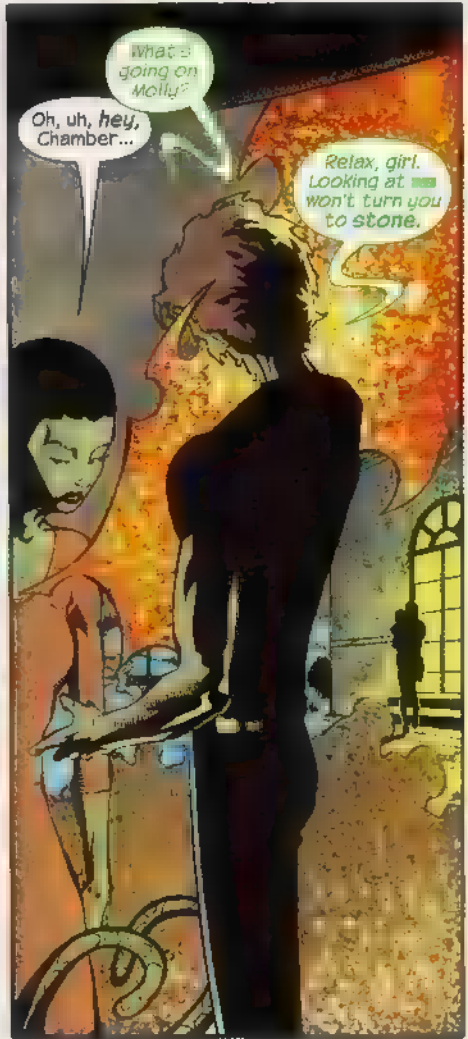
If you have
a *problem* with
the X-Men, I want
you to *tell*
me.





Sir!
The other
X-Men ■■■
looking for you,
sir! Something's
happened!

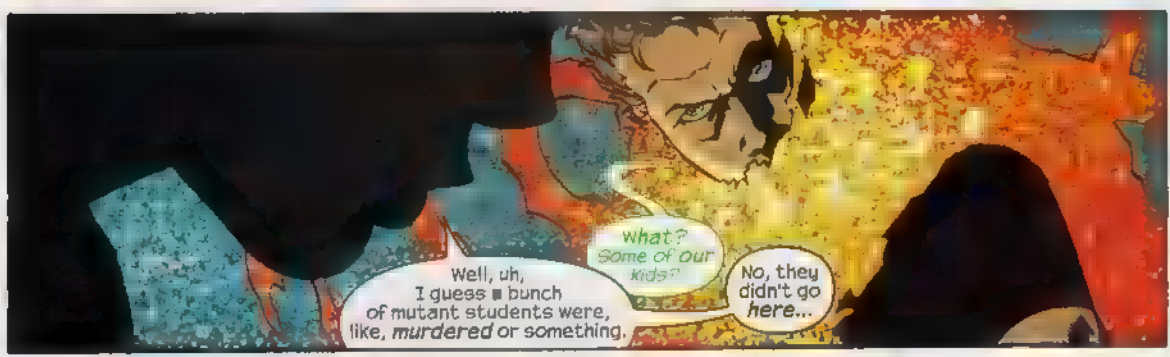
Sorry,
Jono. We'll have
to continue this
discussion
later...



What's
going on
Molly?

Oh, uh, hey,
Chamber...

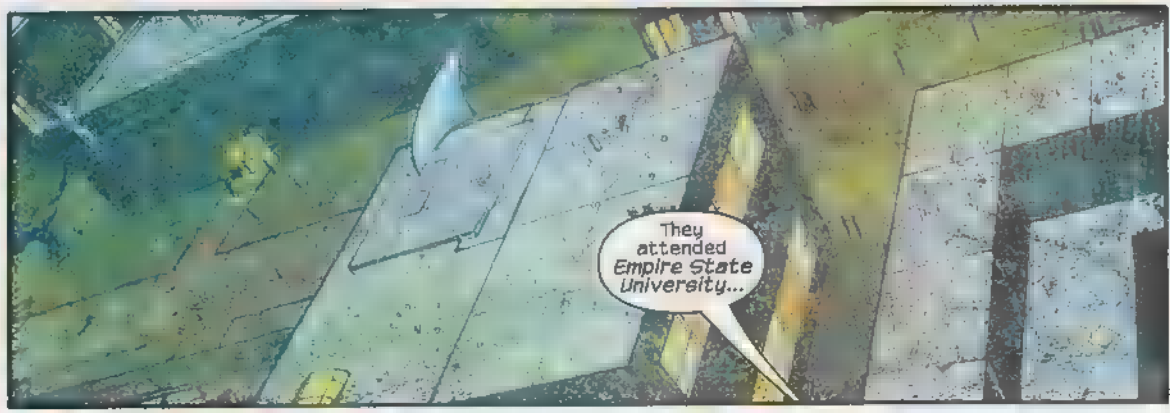
Relax, girl.
Looking at ■■■
won't turn you
to stone.



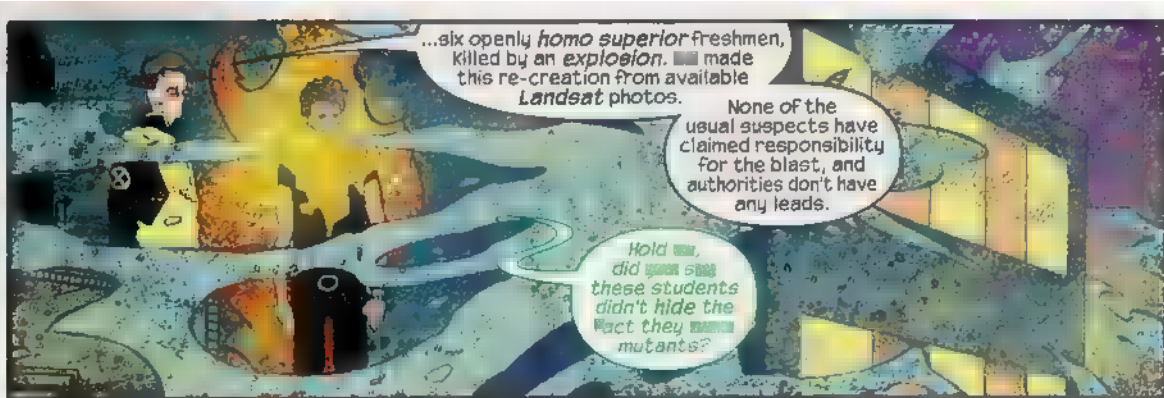
What?
Some of our
kids?

Well, uh,
I guess ■■ bunch
of mutant students were,
like, murdered or something.

No, they
didn't go
here...



They
attended
Empire State
University...



...six openly *homo superior* freshmen, killed by an explosion. ■ made this re-creation from available Landsat photos.

None of the usual suspects have claimed responsibility for the blast, and authorities don't have any leads.

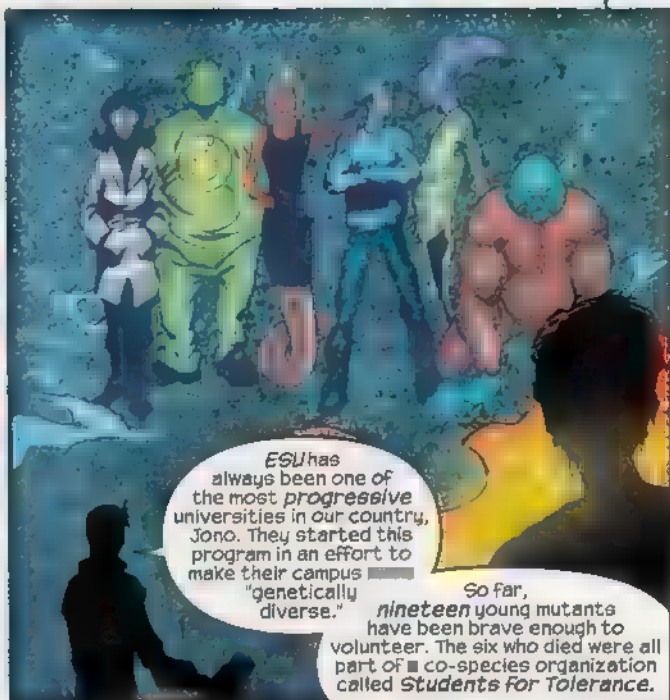
Hold on, did you ~~say~~ these students didn't hide the fact they ~~were~~ mutants?



Not only that, they were given full scholarships *because* of their mutations.

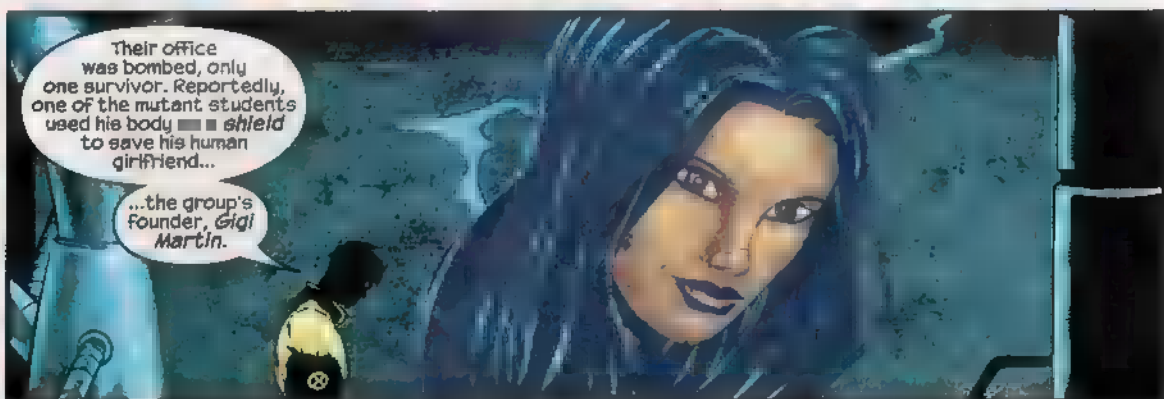
I thought most normal schools didn't even accept our kind.

When ■ we ~~made~~ the leap from integration to affirmative action?



ESU has always been one of the most *progressive* universities in our country, Jono. They started this program in an effort to make their campus ■ "genetically diverse."

So far, *nineteen* young mutants have been brave enough to volunteer. The six who died were all part of ■ co-species organization called *Students For Tolerance*.



Their office was bombed, only one survivor. Reportedly, one of the mutant students used his body ■ ■ shield to save his human girlfriend...

...the group's founder, *Gigi Martin*.

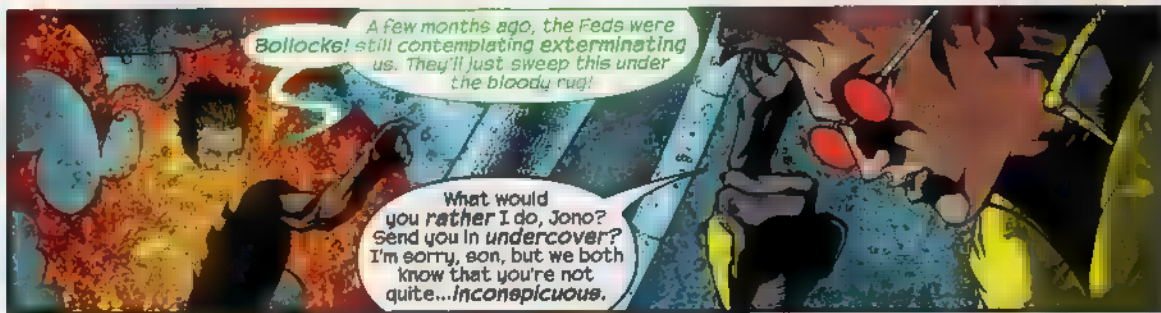




You have to let me investigate

Absolutely not. I gave you this information because it's important that you stay informed, not because I want you to play detective.

The FBI is already at the scene, and they've assured me that they're going to treat this as a hate crime.



A few months ago, the Feds were Bollocks! still contemplating exterminating us. They'll just sweep this under the bloody rug!

What would you rather I do, Jono? Send you in undercover? I'm sorry, son, but we both know that you're not quite...Inconspicuous.



That's why you're going to enroll me as exactly what I am... Jonathan Starsmore, mutant.

I could analyze the situation from inside, try to draw out the person responsible.

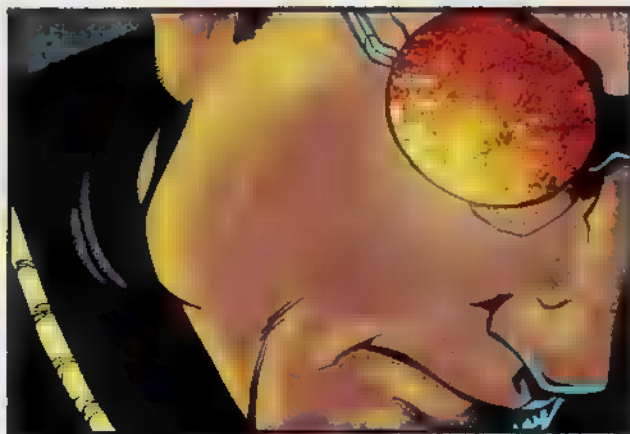
The fall session's probably starting soon, Scott. I can do this...

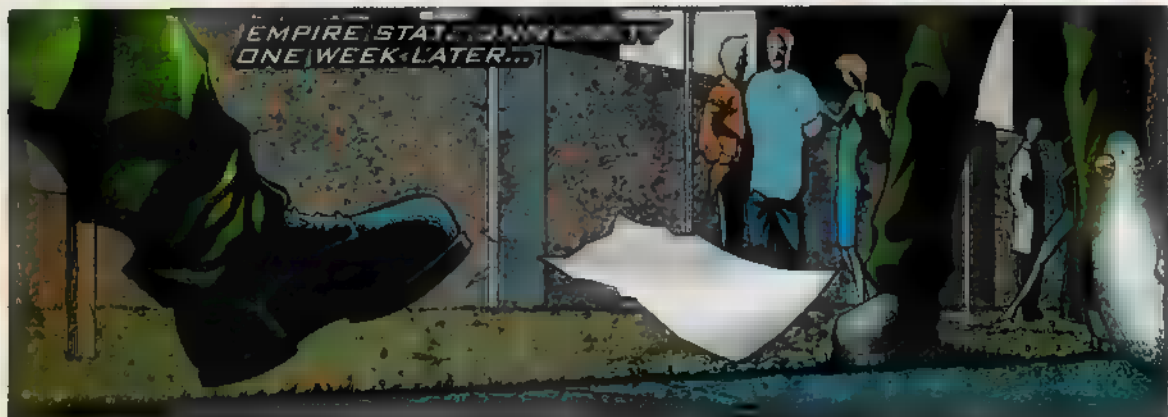


Please.

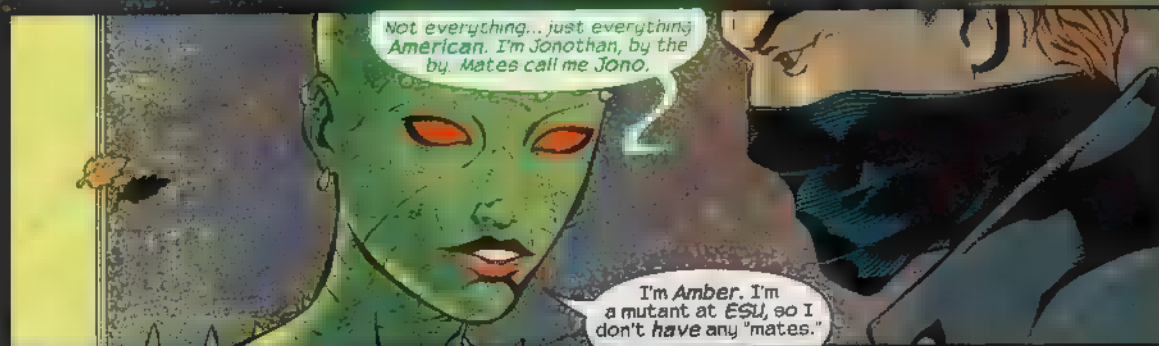
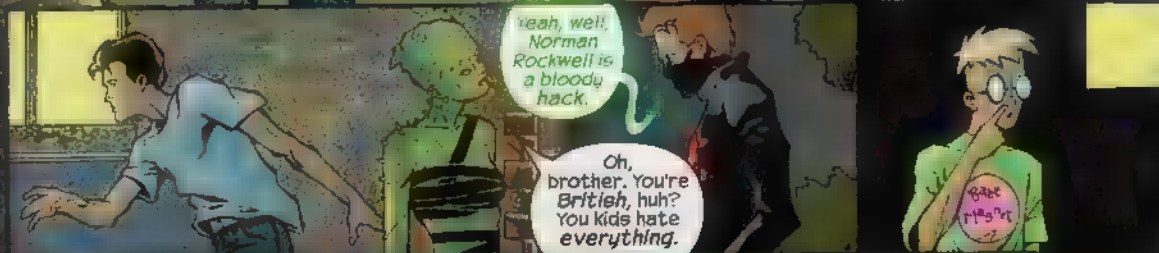
I didn't join the X-Men to be a teacher's assistant. I...I wanted to make the world safe for mutants who don't have the privilege of attending this school.

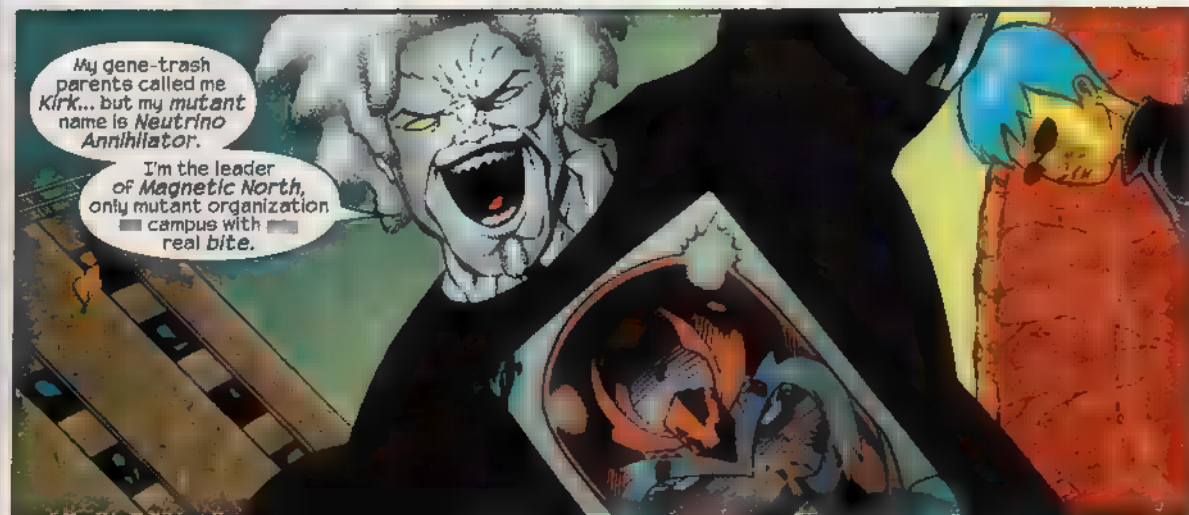
If we stand by and do nothing, more of them are going to die.

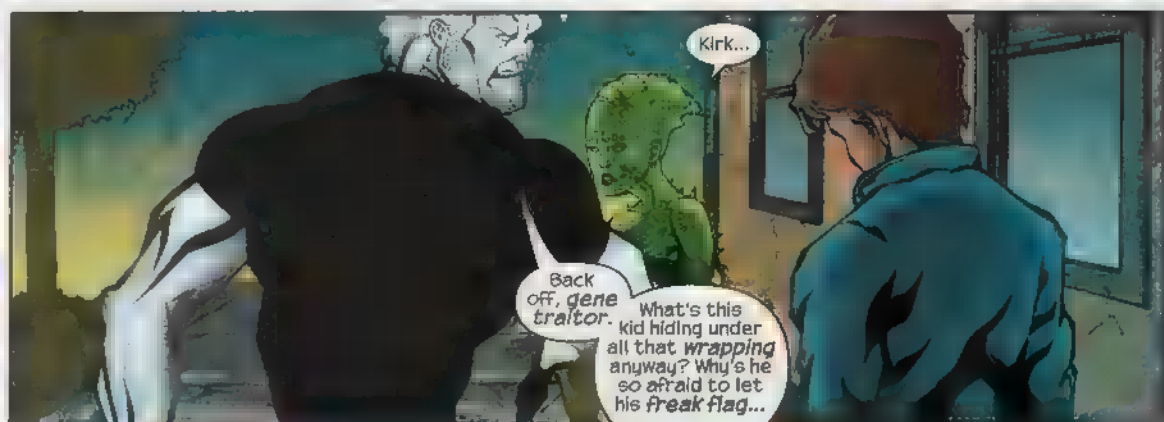


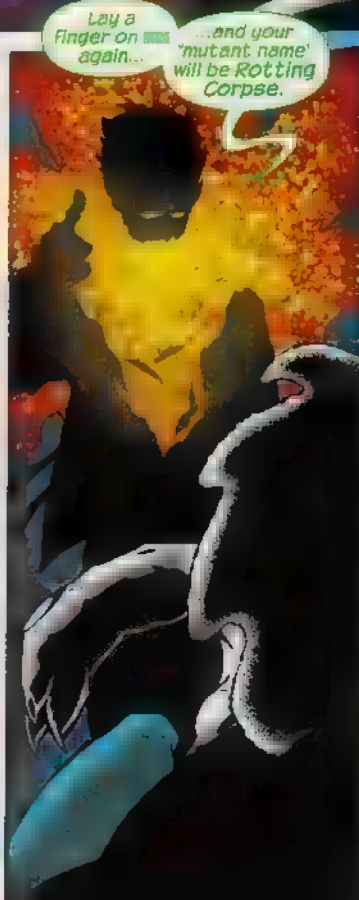
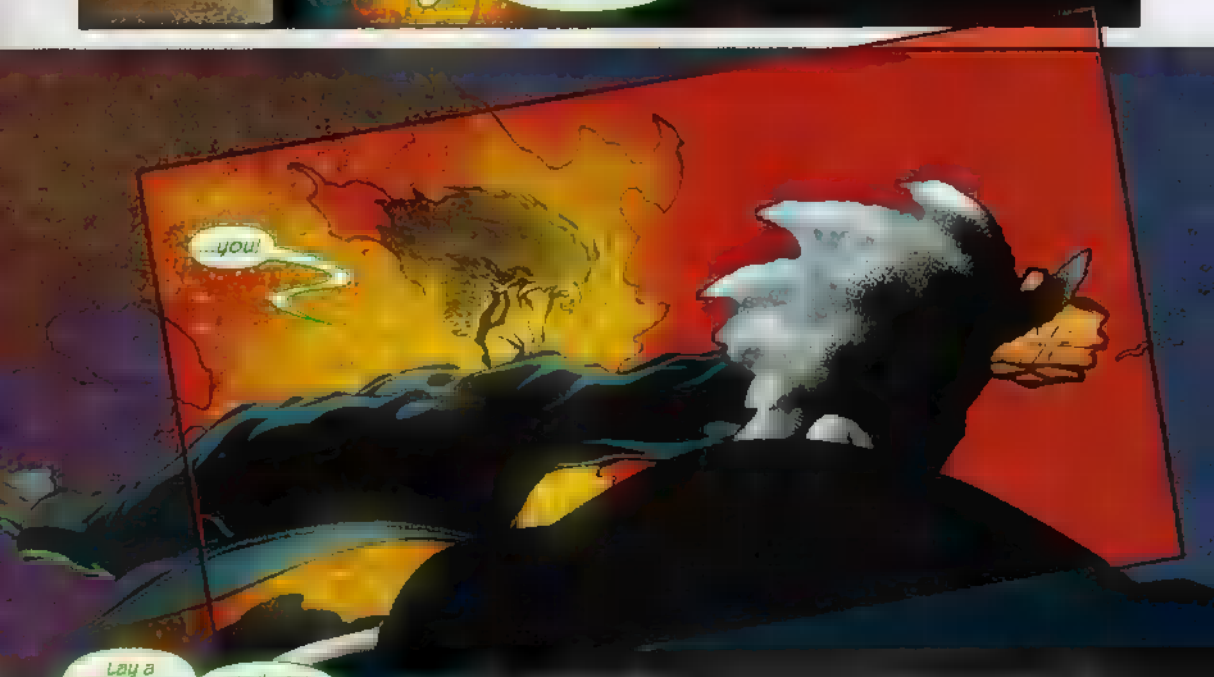


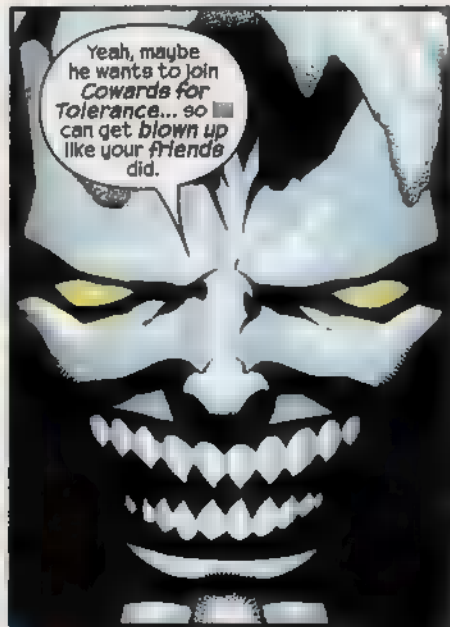















Right. 'Course.
Well, my name's
Jono. If you ever
want to--

Amazing, you...
you communicate
the exact same way
my boyfriend did. It's...
nice to have a voice
inside my head
again.

Why don't
you come see me
tomorrow, Jono? My
group has a new office
on the third floor
of the student
center.


Until then,
don't let anyone
frighten you. ESU
is far from perfect...
but we're all about
progress.



Cheers,
Gigi. Uh...
thanks!

Oh, hey,
Amber. See
you in Life
Drawing!


Yeah...
Sure
thing.



Don't get
your hopes up,
Romeo. Human
girls don't go
for mutants
who look like...
us.


And even
when they date
the cute ones,
it's only to make
their fathers
angry.

You don't
like her, do
you?



Gigi? She's fine,
I guess. Little
naïve.

I try to
stay out of the
political stuff, you
know? My only real
affiliation is with the
chess club. I'm just
here for the free
education.



Come on,
I'll take you
to your room.
Where'd they
hide you?

Uh...
Brittany
Hall?

Cool, that's
actually a really
friendly building.
You'll love it...



What the hell do you want?



You're, uh... Walter, right? I'm Jono.

We're roommates.

They sent me *another* one of you people? Man, somebody in housing must hate me...



Sorry...?

Listen, I don't have anything *personal* against mutants, okay? I just can't stand what Empire State is *doing* for you people.

Letting us get a degree?



No, giving you *special treatment* because of your genetic makeup.

I had to *earn* my way into this university... why didn't *you*?



I know, I know... you have "*unique abilities*". So what? I can name the atomic weight of any element off the top of my head.

Besides mumbling telepathically, what do you do? Model turtle-necks?

Hey...



Or maybe you think you deserve preference because you were born with *physical limitations*.

Well, cry me an *ocean*. I've been playing *sit-and-spin* my entire life, but no college offered me a full ride.

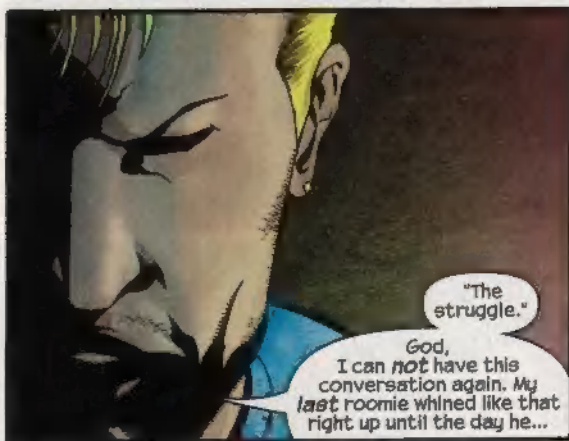
And I'm sorry about that, Walter... but you're comparing apples to snowshoes.



When the government was widening doors on buses for humans with disabilities, it was building Sentinels to murder people like me!

That's ancient history! You guys are all *celebrities* now!

What, you think that just because a handful of mutants are on TV that the struggle is over?



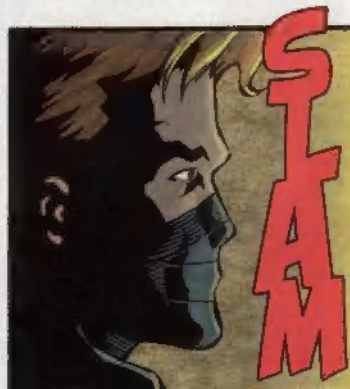
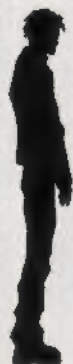
"The struggle."

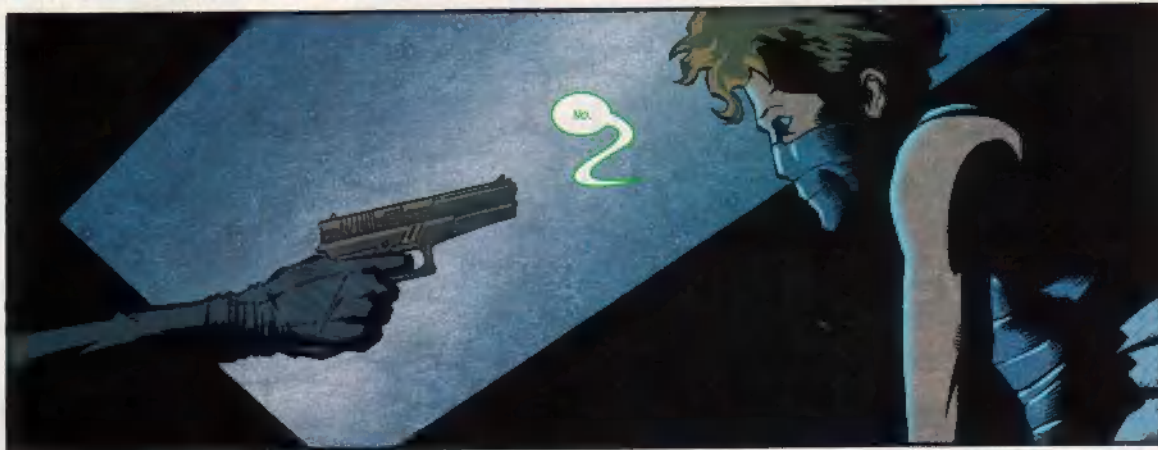
God, I can *not* have this conversation again. My last roomie whined like that right up until the day he...



I'm going to the library for the night.

Pick up some air freshener before I get back. You smell like a sulfur mine.





TO BE
CONTINUED...